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ter part indeed did not bear out the early sweeping assertion, that "the greater part of the Requiem was Süßmayer's work;" but still it seriously called its integrity in question, and, even if true, left very uncertain what the extent of Mozart's work really was. But the firm had exhausted all the sources of information open to them, and they could do no more. They had already, in 1799, advertized that they were about "to publish Mozart's Requiem, his last and most perfect composition, according to the manuscript belonging to his widow, furnished to them for that purpose;" and now they accordingly proceeded to bring out the score, which, printed from the widow's copy, appeared in 1800. It does not appear that they allowed the published copy to bear any notice of the statements which had come to their knowledge respecting its authorship; perhaps they did not place sufficient confidence in them to warrant their so doing; but with an honourable desire to protect themselves against any charge of misrepresentation, they, almost contemporaneously with the bringing out of the Requiem, published Süßmayer's letter, in the *Allgemeine Musikalische Zeitung*, the chief musical periodical of Europe, and announced that the score had been received from him. They remarked however, (probably with the object of throwing some doubt on Süßmayer's assertions) their surprise at his statement, that the unfinished copy which came into his hands had the thorough bass figured, whereas among the very large number of Mozart's MSS., they had seen, not a single one had this addition. They also added an obscure hint, "that Süßmayer's already known works subjected his claim, as regards the Requiem, to a somewhat severe criticism," which, however, they did not further go into.

About this time, another important incident occurred; for the widow, who had speculated pretty deeply on the forbearance of the unknown owner of the Requiem, found, to her considerable alarm, that he was no ghost, but a real human personage, who was not only very jealous of his earthly interests, but actually employed a lawyer to protect them! However, as the little unpleasantness consequent on this discovery was carefully hushed up, and only came to public knowledge long afterwards, we may reserve our account of it till we come to the occurrences which caused its disclosure.

In 1798, an interesting series of memoranda, entitled "Aus Mozart's Leben," were published in the *Leipziger Allgemeine Musikalische Zeitung*, by Friedrich Rochlitz, a councillor of state at Saxe-Weimar, and much esteemed as a musical critic. He gave a tolerably circumstantial account of the mysterious circumstances attending the origin of the Requiem, the most important part of which, as bearing on our present story, is the statement, that "after the second appearance of the messenger, Mozart set himself more earnestly than ever to the work, and in less than four weeks he was ready (or he had completed it, *ist er fertig*); but he had fallen asleep!

In 1813, Gerber published his celebrated Biographical Lexicon of Musicians, in which he gave a notice of Mozart's life, and mentioned the Requiem. He said, that the messenger presented himself again, immediately after Mozart's death, to claim his copy, and received it unfinished; but that since that time Süßmayer had added the instrumental parts where they were wanting, and that thus the score had come into public possession.

These statements differed essentially from Süßmayer's as to the share which he had had in the composition. According to Rochlitz, confirmed by the widow's first assertion, the score had been actually finished by Mozart; and even according to Gerber (who agreed more with her modified statement to Breitkopf and Härtel) Süßmayer had only filled in the instrumentation. His claims had been doubted at the time, as no corroborative evidence for them had been forthcoming; and after his death, in 1803, his connection with the work was soon forgotten altogether.

Copies of the Requiem were published in various forms, and widely circulated, all bearing Mozart's name without any qualification; the frequent performances tended further to establish the connection; and thus the opinion became confirmed that the work had proceeded, perfect and entire, from Mozart's own hand. This state of things lasted for a quarter of a century, when the faith of the musical public suddenly received a rude shock from a very unexpected quarter; and the history of the Requiem became entangled in a more intricate web than ever.

(To be continued.)

#### INCIDENTS IN THE LIFE OF BEETHOVEN.

By R. M. HAYLEY.

(Continued from p. 540, Vol. 13.)

Beethoven's keen sense of right was never more deeply wounded than when he found himself deceived in the character of a man with whom he had been long on friendly terms. The lawsuit in which he was involved with Mälzel, a brother artist in Vienna, concluded with a kind of compromise, by which Beethoven consented to let the matter end on paying half the costs. His composition, *The battle of Vittoria*, which was to be performed during the congress of Vienna, gave rise to this litigation. It appears, from a full statement of the case which Beethoven drew up for his counsel, that spontaneously, and without any remuneration, he had composed a Battle Symphony which, it was afterwards agreed, should be adapted to a full orchestra, and performed, together with other of Beethoven's works, at a concert for the benefit of the soldiers wounded in the war. Beethoven happened at the time to be in great want of money. A loan of fifty ducats was therefore offered to him by Mälzel and accepted. On the strength of this disbursement, although the money was soon repaid, Mälzel affected to consider the Symphony as a present from Beethoven, and announced it publicly as his own property. He then took it to Munich, where he had it performed, and afterwards forwarded it to London. Indignant at such dishonourable conduct, Beethoven published a protest which he circulated amongst the members of the musical profession. The composition, which had been the cause of so much vexation, was produced in September, 1814, while the Congress was assembled at Vienna, and the author received, in acknowledgment of its merits, many marks of distinction. The Empress of Russia made him a present of 200 ducats, and a society of amateurs in England sent him a valuable pianoforte, made by one of the first manufacturers in the country. The magistracy of Vienna presented him with the freedom of the city; and the association of amateurs in the Austrian dominions elected him an honorary member. A similar distinction was conferred upon him by the Philharmonic

Society of Lieblich, and by the Academies of music in Amsterdam and Stockholm. Thus honoured and rewarded, he was the less prepared for the apparent indifference with which the work was received by the Prince Regent of England, afterwards George the Fourth. Through the Austrian Ambassador, he had sent to that Prince the score of the work, accompanied with a dedication. For a long time he heard nothing of it, except that the piece had been performed for several successive nights in Drury Lane Theatre, with great applause. Upon this he wrote a letter to the Prince, and sent it to his friend and pupil Ries, then in London, charging him to deliver it personally into the Prince's hands. This step, however, was attended with very great difficulties, since persons of the highest rank only, and even not those indiscriminately, were admitted to the Royal presence. The appearance of the letter was not calculated to ensure a speedy reception, for the handwriting of Beethoven was generally quite illegible; and, although in this particular instance, he had taken pains to write more distinctly than usual, it still laboured under the same defect. The Secretary to the Austrian Embassy, who was requested to deliver the letter into the hands of the Prince, stated that his position did not entitle him to do so, but that he would get the matter arranged through another channel. But this attempt proved fruitless; for the letter, which was eventually given to the Prince by a Page, who was an ardent admirer of Beethoven's compositions, elicited from the Prince not so much as a word of acknowledgment. Beethoven often bitterly complained of this want of courtesy, and once said in a letter to Ries: "The Prince might at least have sent me a butcher's knife, or a turtle." He had probably heard that the Prince was fond of a variety of dainty dishes, and hence the allusion. This cold neglect of one of his favourite works formed a marked contrast with the signal honours conferred upon him at the court of Frederic William II., King of Prussia. The kindness he received from this monarch was ever afterwards indelibly engraved on his memory.

The difficulties with which Beethoven at this time had to contend, were not such as to restore cheerfulness and serenity to his mind. He had, as usual, frequent attacks of illness; and, in addition to the death of his brother, which, to use his own words, "exercised a powerful influence on his mind and on his works," he was destined to suffer another and still more trying loss. Salomon, the celebrated violinist, a native of Bonn, like Beethoven himself, died in London after a four years' residence in that city. As a member of the Philharmonic Society, he was distinguished by his meritorious exertions to make the music of Haydn better known in England, as well as that of Beethoven; whose compositions, especially his Symphonies, he brought forward in several public concerts. But Beethoven's mind was continually distracted with difficulties of a pecuniary nature. In writing to his friend Ries in London, 10th March, 1816, he says: "Of the ten ducats, not a farthing has come to hand, and I begin to fear that the English are generous only when abroad. It was the same with the Prince Regent, from whom in return for the score of the *Battle of Vittoria*, I did not receive even the cost of the copying; nay, not so much as thanks, either orally or in writing. My income amounts to 3,400 florins in paper money. I pay 1100 for house-rent. My ser-

vant and his wife receive 900. You can reckon what remains. Then I have to provide for my little nephew. As yet he is in the Institute; that costs 1100 florins; and, with this, he is not as I should wish him to be, so that I must take him to live with me, which will render a change of domestic arrangements necessary. What a deal of money one must earn merely to live here. There is no end to expenses, but this you know as well as I do." He concludes his letter with these words: "Say everything complimentary from me to your wife. Alas! I have none. I never loved but one, and her I shall never possess; but I am not on that account a woman-hater."

That Beethoven was no stranger to the tender passion, and indeed, that he was seldom exempt from its influence, is proved by the concurrent testimony of his friends. The first object of his youthful affections, was a young lady of Cologne, who often spent a few weeks with the family of the Brennings, at Bonn. She was a pretty, lively *blonde*, of pleasing manners and appearance, passionately fond of music, and capable of singing with much grace and sweetness. She became the wife of an Austrian officer. He afterwards fell in love with a lady, likewise distinguished for beauty and accomplishments, and this attachment lasted some time. In Vienna, too, he made several conquests; and shewed, on all occasions, his admiration of the fair sex, treating them always with becoming deference and attention. As he advanced in years, his loss of hearing shut him out from society almost entirely; so that it was necessary for him to lead a life of comparative seclusion. Music now occupied all his time; and he declined all invitations, fearing that his deafness might render his presence in society a burden to others. It is extraordinary that, with this delicate regard for the feelings of others, which prompted this step, Beethoven, in his unwearied advocacy of political liberty, should have suffered no restraint to be imposed on the free expression of his opinions, whatever might have been the sentiments of the company in which he was placed. There he spoke openly, and without reserve, and he was not slow to censure the government, the police, or the customs which prevailed amongst the aristocratic portion of the community. This peculiarity of his, though known at Vienna, was winked at by the authorities, either out of indulgence to his eccentricities, or respect for his genius; and for this cause Beethoven used always to maintain that nowhere did greater liberty of speech exist than in Vienna. His *beau idéal* of a constitution was that of England; and by this standard he measured every new appearance in the political world.

He well knew the high estimation in which both himself and his works were held in this country. Of this he received an unequivocal proof when, in 1817, he was invited by the Philharmonic Society of London, to proceed to that place for the purpose of composing some new symphonies. His ill-health, and other circumstances, obliged him to give up all idea of this visit; but the lively interest he long took in the projected journey is evidenced by the correspondence he had upon the subject with Ries—a correspondence rendered still more interesting by the light which it sheds on many private circumstances of Beethoven's life. On the 9th of July, 1817, he writes as follows: "The offer made in your last letter is very flattering. You will see from the

present how highly I prize it. Were it not for my unfortunate infirmity, which requires great attention, and would increase my expenses, especially on a journey, and in a strange land, I would accept the proposals of the Philharmonic Society *unconditionally*. But put yourself in my place. Reflect how many more obstacles I have to surmount than any other man in the profession, and then say whether my demands be unreasonable. Here they are, and I request you will communicate the same to the directors. 1. I shall be in London before the middle of January, 1818, at the latest. 2. The two great symphonies composed expressly for the Society shall then be ready, and shall be and remain the sole and exclusive property of the Society. 3. The Society shall engage to pay me for them the sum of 300 guineas, besides 100 guineas for travelling expenses; which, however, will cost me more, since I shall require a companion on the journey. 4. As I shall commence the composition of the symphonies immediately, the Society shall advance, and order to be paid to me here, 150 guineas, in order that I may provide myself, without delay, with all that is necessary for the journey. 5. The conditions stipulated, viz., not to appear in any other orchestra, not to lead, and to give the Society the preference in all similar engagements, are accepted by me; and, such is my sense of honour, that they would have been acted upon by me even without any express arrangement. 6. I may reckon on the co-operation of the Society in setting on foot and promoting one, or, it may be, several concerts for my own especial benefit. 7. I request that the acceptance or ratification of the above may be drawn up in English, and signed, in the name of the Society, by three directors." In a postscript to this letter, he says: "I have purposely made use of a strange hand in this letter, in order that you might be the better able to read it to the Society. I know your own friendly sentiments towards me, and hope that the Society will approve my proposals." In the same postscript, he enquires about the strength of the orchestra, the number of violins it could muster, and the dimensions and acoustic properties of the hall.

It appears that when all preliminaries were settled, Beethoven was under the necessity of putting off his intended journey on the score of ill-health. At this time, his affairs were in a very embarrassed state. "I wish," he writes to Ries, "that your prosperity may increase daily. I cannot say that mine does. I cannot see people starve; I must, therefore, give: so you can imagine what, and how much, I suffer. I beg you will write to me very soon. I wish, if there be the slightest possibility of my doing so, to start sooner than I intended, to escape irretrievable ruin; and in that case, I shall be in London in the winter at the latest. I know you will help an unfortunate friend. Had it been in my power, and were I not, as I always am, tied down here by circumstances, be sure I should have done much more for you than I am able to do."

Another year had passed away, and the possibility of his visiting London seemed farther off than ever. Difficulties pressed upon him on all sides. His letters are more disconsolate than ever, and he still attributes to his own good nature the state of poverty to which he had become reduced. How little aware, probably, were those about him, of the true cause of the moody and fretful temper in which he continually indulged. A letter from Zelter to Goethe, in 1819, gives a picture of this broken-hearted genius as he

then appeared. "Beethoven," he writes, "is still in the country, but nobody knows where. He has just written from Baden to one of his friends in Vienna, and yet he is not at Baden. His temper is said to be insupportable; some, indeed, will have it that he is mad. But it is easy to talk in that way—God forgive us! The poor man, it seems, is completely deaf. Figure such a situation,—to see his fingers on the keys, and not hear a note! He gave a curious specimen of his absence of mind the other day. He went into a restaurateur's, sat down at a table, and after having remained passive and motionless for an hour, called the waiter. 'What have I to pay?' 'Why, sir, you have had nothing yet; what would you please to take?' 'Bring me anything you like, and go about your business.'" "In spite of the faults found with Beethoven," says Zelter, in another letter of the same period, "with or without reason, he is at Vienna an object of great respect and curiosity. He had promised, on some matters of business, to call one morning at the shop of Steiner, the music publisher. Steiner was eager to tell that the great man was coming, for the first time, to pay him a visit at his little shop, which will not hold more than five or six persons. More than fifty made their appearance, crowding about the door and standing in the street. They consisted of artists, men of letters, and persons of distinction in various ways, all waiting to catch a glimpse of the man so much heard of, but so rarely seen. But they waited in vain: Beethoven, fatigued with a journey the day before, overslept himself, and broke his appointment."

Notwithstanding all obstacles, the hope of visiting England seems never to have wholly left him. In a letter to Ries, written 6th of April, 1822, after apologising for a protracted silence, he says: "Still I cherish the hope of visiting London, probably next spring, if my health permit. You will find in me, my dear Ries, the just appreciator of my former pupil, and now great composer, and who knows how the art may benefit by our reunion? I am, as ever, wholly devoted to the muse, and find therein the only happiness of my life." In the same letter, he mentions a Mass (*missa solennis*) which he had recently composed, and asks if anything could be done with it in London. As no answer was given to this question, he applied to Peters, a music-seller in Leipzig, and writes to him, 26th of July, 1822, offering him the work for 1000 florins, convention money of Vienna. He adds: "The competition for the purchase of my works is at present very active, for which I thank the Almighty, having hitherto suffered heavy losses. Besides, I am the foster-father of my brother's son, left wholly unprovided for. As this boy, now fifteen years of age, shows great aptitude for scientific pursuits, not only do his studies and his keeping cost a great deal of money, but I must likewise see to his future career in life, since we are neither Indians nor Iroquois, who, as is well known, leave all to Heaven, and suffer a poor fellow to drag out a miserable existence, without an effort to help him. . . . With reference to your letter, I assure you, on my honour, that it has ever been my principle not to offer my works to any publisher; and this, not from pride, but because I like to see how far the sphere of my humble talent extends."

His letters, about this period, all bear testimony to the fact that he had to make great efforts to secure the sale of his works, and that he had to devote himself assiduously to his profession in order to gain a

bare subsistence. "I have great pleasure," he says, some months later, in writing to his friend Ries, in London, "in accepting the proposal to write a new symphony for the Philharmonic Society. Even if the liberality of the English were not so far beyond the means of other nations, I would write for the first musicians without asking for any remuneration, but that I am still the same poor Beethoven as before. If I were only in London, what would I not compose for the Philharmonic? For Beethoven can compose, God be thanked, and that is truly all that he can do. If Heaven only grant me health again (and it is at least better than it was) I can meet the demands of all Europe—aye, and North America, too, and I may yet live and prosper in the world." He writes much in the same strain to Peters, in March, 1823. "My circumstances render it necessary that I should be guided by pecuniary considerations. It is very different with the work itself. When composing, I never think for *how much*, but merely *how* I write."

Beethoven often complained of being obliged to have recourse to teaching as the means of eking out his income. He thus expresses himself on this point in a letter to Ries: "The stay of Archduke Rudolph in Vienna lasted nearly four weeks. During that time I was obliged to give him a lesson daily for two hours and a-half, sometimes for three hours. After such lessons a man is scarcely fit to think, much less to write, and yet my invariably miserable condition requires that I should set to work at a moment's notice, in order to earn as much as will suffice for the wants of the day."

Liberality was a prominent feature in Beethoven's character; and the poverty to which, in his latter years, he was reduced, was a source to him of the greatest unhappiness, from the fact of its necessarily circumscribing his power of doing good to others. In a letter to Ries, dated 5th of September, 1823, he says: "Were I not so poor that I must live by my pen, I would not accept a farthing from the Philharmonic Society. But as it is, I must wait till the remittance in payment for the symphony comes to hand. In order, however, to give a proof of my affection for, and confidence in the members of that Society, I have already sent off an overture, to be placed at their disposal. I leave them to do what they please with it. . . . My brother John, who keeps his carriage, has also wished to get something out of me, and has, without consulting me, offered the said overture to Boosey, a publisher in London. Be so good as to say that it is a mistake on his part. He purchased it from me, I now perceive, with the view of turning it to his own account. *O Frater!* . . . I have not received the symphony you have dedicated to me. If I did not consider the dedication as a kind of challenge, I should have already inscribed something to you. But I thought I ought first to see your work. What pleasure it would afford me to testify my gratitude in some way or other. I am, in truth, deeply indebted to you for so many favours and proofs of attachment. Should my health derive any benefit from the mineral waters, I shall kiss your wife in London in 1824."

This long-anticipated, long-talked of project was never put into execution. England had not the honour of receiving on her soil so distinguished a composer; for, as years rolled on, the impediments to the contemplated visit became greater and more insurmountable. But Beethoven's world-wide celebrity has been the means of introducing his works into

every musical society; and the pleasure to be derived from the charming style of composition in which he was unrivalled, is not confined to the generation in which he lived.

The career of Beethoven, especially the latter part of it, is a painful instance of the uncertainty which attaches to popular favour. The affecting passages in his letters to his friends, show too plainly under what unhappy circumstances this illustrious man passed his days. If he did contrive, in a life of toil and privation, to scrape together the pittance of which he died possessed, we must remember the anxiety which that cost him, and how his life was embittered when, with broken health and decayed powers, he could not regard the future save through the visions of penury and destitution which haunted his mind. And how could he reasonably expect sympathy or effectual aid from those at whose hands, his own experience had taught him, he had previously met with nothing but indifference and neglect? An English writer makes the following pertinent remarks on this subject: "Germany, though a musical land, is far from being, as is very commonly supposed, the paradise of musicians. Mozart struggled all his life with difficulties, and was obliged to toil incessantly, not for fame, but for daily bread. His widow was saved from destitution by her second marriage, with a respectable man, who became, too, a father to her dead husband's children. His sister, the celebrated girl who shared the triumphs of his childhood, and whose name is for ever associated with his memory, died in old age, but in such extreme penury, that she was actually supported by charity. Beethoven lived unpatronized by the great, and neglected by the public, barely able to subsist by a life of labour and parsimony, unknown and unheeded by his countrymen, even while his great name was resounding through Europe, and all because his transcendent genius was unaccompanied by the suppleness of the courtier, and the arts of the man of the world. Let our musicians think a little on these things before they join the common cry against their own country, and repine that 'their lot was not cast in the pleasant places' of Germany."

(*To be continued*).

THE death of Mr. Charles Lucas, which took place on the morning of the 23rd ult., is an event which will cause a widely spread feeling of regret. Mr. Lucas was one of the earliest pupils of the Royal Academy of Music, afterwards becoming one of its most eminent professors, director of the orchestra, and, eventually, on the resignation of Mr. Cipriani Potter, Principal, which office he relinquished when his health compelled him to retire from the more active part of his professional duties. An earnest and true artist, and a worthy and sincere man, Mr. Lucas will long be remembered by all who knew him; and by no one more keenly than the writer of these lines, who, having received the benefit of his instruction, and the aid, on many occasions, of his valuable counsel, desires in his own person to place on record this heartfelt tribute to his memory.

HENRY C. LUNN.

#### THE OPERA.

WHATEVER faith we may put in the old adage that "two heads are better than one," we can scarcely imagine that it is applicable to the management of an Operatic establishment. The experiment, however, is about to be tried; for the Directors of Her Majesty's Theatre, and of